

the hill in zigzags brings you to the will more
dark with patches of black bog; follow this road
across the more, you are in Lancashire.
It is curious to see busy villages meeting in
the smoke of mill chimneys rising from the very
heart of these dark snow-mountain: the valleys are
often very lovely, & bare as the hills are. Their
long curves are not without a grandeur of
their own. Perhaps the prettiest part of this
corner of Yorkshire is the 'Pole of Godmorden
in the valley of the Calder. Here are mill chimneys
it is true; but then, the mills rise by the river-
side, while pleasant old houses show themselves
amongst the trees. Godmorden itself is a cotton
spinning town, upon whose institutions the late
"King of Godmorden" (John Fielden, Esq.) has left
his mark.

his mark.
A walk across Longwood Edge brings you to
Black, where there are certain "aeld" or old fields,
where the farmers find their ploughs hindered by
hard substances, which turn out to be, not a
rock of the district, but the foundations of an
ancient town. Amongst the various sites proposed
for the ancient Mannin, & later, Saxon, city-
of Cambodunum, this at Black is considered
to have the most in its favour. It was, according
to Bede, when the ancient church, (built by Paulinus),
& the whole royal 'ville' of Cambodunum were
burnt - that the Northumbrian kings made
themselves a 'ville' in Lordis.

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mills. Here are important Co-operative Buildings, with, not only stores for all kinds of food, clothing, &c. but with ^{provision} ~~arrangements~~ for the recreation of the people - reading-rooms & a music hall. Within two or three miles of Dewsbury is Batley, where are the largest shoddy mills. Here bits of old woollen cloth & fall coats are torn into shreds, the wool is cleansed, goes through as many processes as if it had come newly off the sheep's back, is mixed with new wool, &c., finally, made into various shirtings & clothes which 'look as good as new.'

The Battle of Wakefield.

Wakefield, though at one time a busy clothing town, has long since dropped behind in the race with Leeds & Bradford. Now it is a pleasant market town where farmers bring their produce, corn, wool, &c. for sale; & along the banks of the Calder are immense magazines for the corn which is to feed the hungry mouths of the West Riding. Its Corn Exchange is the principal building of Wakefield, & after the well-known Mark Lane Exchange, that of Rotherham is the largest in England.

There is a bridge here over the Calder, & dating from the reign of Edward III., & on the bridge a little chapel, the Chantry, which was built by Edward IV. for prayers might be said therein for the soul of his father, & for those of his followers, because, on a spot close by the bridge, on the right bank of the Calder, the Duke of York was slain in the famous Battle of Wakefield (1460). In the autumn of 1460, it seemed as if the long conflict between the houses of York & Lancaster were in a fair way to be settled. The King was in the hands of the Duke of York, who proposed to

This England should owe the chief profit of her excellent
 wools in sending them to the looms of Flanders who
 made up her matter of regret - to various of her monarchs,
 William the Conqueror, Edward I., Edward III., Henry VII.,
 & Queen Elizabeth, were amongst the monarchs
 who wooed Flemish weavers to settle in various
 parts of England & Wales in order to teach their craft
 to the English. It is probably to Edward III. that
 Halifax owed its early prosperity, he showed himself
 friendly to the Flemish weavers, & by degrees got
 many families to settle in certain of his English
 towns. Halifax was one of these.

The English were, at first, a little inclined to the
 jealous of their foreigners & did not always treat
 them well. But, says Fuller "happy the yeoman's
 house into which one of these Dullesters did enter,
 bringing industry & wealth along with them.
 Such who came in strangers, within doors, soon
 after went out bridegrooms & returned home,
 having married the daughters of their landlords
 who first entertained them: yea, those yeomen
 in whose houses they harboured soon became
 gentlemen, gaining estates ^{for themselves}." It
 is considered that, to this day, the dialect of the Halifax
 folk betrays this admixture of Flemish blood.
 Halifax presents a rather handsome appearance
 as a town, being built of brown freestone, got from
 quarries at hand. It has a fine fifteenth century
 parish church with fragments of two more
 ancient churches, - one of them with some claims
 to Saxon origin - & a beautiful new church,
 All Souls, built by Sir Gilbert Scott. Amongst
 its public buildings, are a handsome town hall
 & a large

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bright with gilding, & a large Silver Ball, whose object
is lost: as the pieces (of stuff) are now brought to
Bradford for sale. One of the curious interests of
the town is, the site of the Kalique Gibbet, whereby Kalique
had the right to put to death thieves, jointly with
amount of $13\frac{1}{2}$ - on the great-market-days. By this
"Gibbet Law" the Kalique weavers protected the
long pieces of white (undyed) cloth stretched upon
centers in the hill sides, & often left unwatched
day & night. At the "Kirk Crown" mine of this
town some part of Robinson Crusoe was written
while its author was in hiding on account of his
political writings.

Kuddersfield, &c.

Kuddersfield is another exceedingly well-to-do
clothing town in the great coal field. Like Bradford
& Kalique, it is built of stone & has wide streets &
good buildings & various admirable institutions.
More than a hundred mill chimneys are to be
counted in the town alone, belonging to wood-petries
for the most part; & the pretty valleys which
open on all sides hold many clothing villages.
Going out of Kuddersfield, westward, you get into
the "moor" country which forms the borderland
between Lancashire & Yorkshire. Here are many
edges - Scout Edge, Longwood Edge, Stam Edge,
Moss Edge, & many more; - edges, indeed, for when
you have climbed the long bare hill, you find
it is really a sort of steps leading to the bleak
moor at the top. Blackstone Edge, on the very
border of Yorkshire, is the highest & the dreariest
of these long bare hills. A winding road, which climbs

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he never forgot in after years - he set light to a hay stack into which Hereward had climbed.

Hereward grew up a wild lad, with a following of carles as wild as himself, & no youth in all the fens could match him for strength or courage: he was fair & ruddy of countenance, with long golden hair, & strange eyes, one grey, the other blue: his dress would be not unlike that now worn by Highlanders.

Upon a day, when he & his carles wanted money for their frolics, they met the monk Herluin; & Hereward made him give up the silver pennies he was carrying home to his convent, & the furs tipped as wore about his neck.

The monk went straight, & told the lad's mother. Very sad, & very full of wrath was the Lady Godiva, for Hereward had angered her many a time before by despising those whom she honoured as the servants of God.

This time, she sent a letter with the whole story, by a swift runner, to his father, who was with the king at Westminster.

"Justice, my lord the King!" cried the Stern Earl, as he entered the royal hall: and then he desired the king to make his young son an outlaw, a wolf's head,

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administers a sound beating with her fists, or even a sound kicking to her refractory daughter. Yet, though often quarrelling, mother & daughter are very fond of one another.

The peasant of the interior, be he farmer-labourer, black-smith, fruit-seller, water-carrier, gipsy, horse-dealer, or what he may, is ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed, or rather, unclothed, ill-clothed, uncared for; a hopeless, speechless being, he seems unable to read, or write, or think, or love, or hope, or pray, or play.

Come for a stroll into the campos, or wild country, & visit the hut of a poor fruit-seller. His little shanty, or hut, stands alone amidst the thistles, near his dry, half-tilled garden; it is formed of three walls of red stone, bound together with no mortar; it is roofed with reeds from the quadrangular, its door is a hurdle, lined with green brushwood & rushes. There is one rough settle in the dark room, & on it lie the two "orientals". The floor is the earth and dust.

Here is the mistress, a knife stuck in her girdle. You must not look for beauty, or tidiness in her wooden, mahogany-coloured face, & you wonder, at her stride, like a man's, & her muscled

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referring to some piece of work performed by the 9th Legion,
a monumental stone inscribed with the name of a
Standard-bearer of the 9th Legion; a shield some
implements of war, &c. Our information becomes
more definite with the arrival of Suetonius, (A.D. 208);
it is not certain whether he found a walled city, or
whether the walls of York were raised by his legions,
but the beginning of the third century is the date commonly
assigned to them. At any rate, ^{York} had become the
imperial city of Britain, exhibiting much of the
luxury & refinement of Roman life. In the evidence
of a single find in the Roman Cemetery which
was unearthed in 1873 in preparing the site of
the North Eastern Railway Station, it is evident that
Eboracum was a colonia - that is, Romans were
settled here as possessors of the land, the institutions of
Rome were adopted intact. This discovery in question
is that of Peppin with an inscription for Secundus
of York, a local magnate. The walls of Eboracum were
not co-extensive with the existing walls: they were
confining to the left-hand of the River, lay ^{newly} from square, &
included a comparatively small space of about 2,000
ft. by 1,150. There is a fragment of this wall still in existence
& what is more interesting, the Mullengates houses which
stand at one angle of the Roman city, is now within the
enclosure of St. Mary's Abbey the grounds belong to
the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. The lower walls
of the houses have the strong corners of Roman tiles
characteristic of Roman masonry. Suetonius came
here before beginning his disastrous campaign against
the Picts, left his treacherous son Geta to govern
here in his absence, returned to York to die. Nearly
a century later, Constantine made York an
imperial residence; he died here, his son Constantine
claimed as an English-born emperor, though

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which the unhappy Richard II was confined, but not tract of
it remains. In the civil war, as first Leeds taken by
the Royalists under the Marquis of Newcastle, & retaken
the following year (1643) by Sir James Fairfax. The
first manufacturing industry of Leeds was probably
begun in the homesteads of the valley & has been
as the reign of Edward III. The beginning of the
present century saw a sudden increase in the
prosperity & population of the town, which now contains
over 300,000 inhabitants.

Bradford.

Ranking next to Leeds as a 'clothing' town is
Bradford which has long been known as the
'metropolis of woollen'; but as Bradford produces
every sort of soft woollen material, perhaps it is
better to say that all woollen goods which are not
felted, or pulled after being woven are made here.
The town lies in a valley amongst the rolling
hills which lie between the Aire & the Calder, & rather
the heart of the town is in the valley, but the pleasant
suburbs & some of the best streets & shops occupy
the slopes. From any of the hill sides hemming in
the town you see Bradford lying in the hollow, the
houses clustering thickly, a church steeples here
other small chimneys - something like two hundred
of them - rising everywhere, sometimes scattered far
apart, sometimes gathered together by the score. Putting
all this is to be seen if the town is under a clear
dense veil of smoke that usually covers it.
The hills about Bradford contain good building stone
& many an open quarry scars their sides. The
circumstance, while it gives a raw bleak look
to the surrounding landscape, adds greatly to
the appearance of the town, whose hard stone building

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just it a substantial well-to-do air. Bradford has
a fine town-hall with a tall bell-tower, as well as several
other handsome public buildings - the new market
the exchange, the Technical College, &c. & these, with
the streets of flint wall, built-warehouses, the well-stored
shops in the town & the pleasant villas of the
merchants & manufacturers on its outskirts
give Bradford the appearance of wealth & importance.
Some architecture appears to the writer to be more
successful in Bradford & some of the Yorkshire
towns than it is in the suburbs of the metropolis,
for instance. We have no space to speak of the excellent
schools & other places of education, the libraries, the
admirable schemes for the education of the people
& for the aid of the unfortunate, which here, as in least
in other Yorkshire towns, speak well for the public
spirit & wisdom of the townspeople. In Bradford,
as in Leeds, the mills are the most-magnificent
building of the town, but we, at the same time, the
most interesting. Here are made the merinoes, alpacas,
scoop-dress stuffs with many names for ladies'
dresses, twilled cloth for jacket & coats, broad
for trimming, & fifty other materials. Silk goods
- silks & satins, plushes & velvets - are produced
at the Manningham Mill, a palace for size & grand
appearance, the largest-manufacture of the kind,
where some 3,000 hands are employed.

The work-people themselves interest us more than
the astonishing machinery of the Mills, & the 'mill-hands'
of the West-riding are pleasant-people to know. They
have as comfortable homes as any work-people in England.
Here, as is very commonly the case, they or others.
The street-door opens into a bright-pleasant-living room
with a good chest of drawers, a sofa, & very likely, a
piano in it; with ornaments & pictures, too, or sometimes
a cat.

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find much intellectual pleasure & receive much
culture in their Sunday avocations, as is
proved by the fact that attendance at Sunday
School is continued even during married
life in most manufacturing towns; & the
congregational singing which forms part of
the various Sunday service is a real
delight to people blessed with fine voices
& true ear, who are seldom without some
degree of musical training.

The Bradford Mills close at 5.30 P.M.; thus
the operatives have a long evening to spend
ⁱⁿ pleasure-seeking or upon personal
improvement, for which many opportunities
are put in their way. Elementary instruction
is self-provided for, & besides, there are
evening classes for Art, Sciences, Mathematics,
Languages, all well taught & well attended
by working people. We have only space
to notice one more fact illustrative of the
status of the worsted operatives in Bradford;
the town has a Free Public Library, established
under the recent act, which contains some
27,000 volumes, & in addition, is well-
supplied with the public journals. 9,000
readers in the News Room & Reading Room
is an ordinary weekly average, 1,600 of these
being women; that is to say, upwards of
1,500 persons, on an average, read in these
rooms in a single day & beside this,
some 5,000 borrowers take books to their
homes. These numbers very fairly
represent the 'reading public' amongst
the labouring classes, as excellent subscription
libraries are supported by the town.

Charlotte D. Mason.